

LEANDRO:  
OR, THE  
LUCKY RESCUE.  
A  
NOVEL.

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By *J. Smythies* of *Emanuel Col-  
ledge in Cambridge.*

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LONDON,

Printed for the Author, and  
sold by the Booksellers of  
*London and Westminster.*  
MDCXC. 20. Nov.



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## LUCKY RESCUE

**L** *Eandro* was a Cavalier, of a very Noble Extraction, born in the Famous City of *Orleans*, and the Son of a rich Count, who deriv'd his Family from the most Illustrious House of *Conde*. History has so loudly proclaim'd the Bravery and Worth of this great Family, that I need no other Character to set out the Vertues and Glory of any of its Progeny, than to say they were allyed to the House of *Conde*; a Name which had carried so much terrour to the Roman Catholicks of *France*,  
 B that

that its most treacherous King could never think himself secure on his Throne, till the Blood of a most generous and devout Prince, of that Family, had been sacrificed to the revenge of a most unjust Monarch.

And though *Leandro*, as well as his Father *Arcanins*, had suck'd in the Religion which was so courageously vindicated by his Ancestors; yet did they live free from partaking of that barbarous Persecution, which is too too fresh in the memory of this Age, till Death summoned his Mother to appear before that Deity she had so religiously worshipp'd; being also a constant Affessor of the Protestant Persuasion, distinguish'd in *France*, from the *Romans*, by the Name of *Huguenots*.

There's no doubt but *Arcanins* and his Son resented the loss of so dear a Wife and Mother, with a Grief, which, possibly, may be better conceived than expressed, and which, indeed,





deed, the occasion was too great not to require: But as if this only seem'd a *Praeludium* to their succeeding Troubles, they soon after found so much of the instability of Fortune, that *Leandro*, since the Death of the Countess, reflected upon the severity of Fate, with most mortal Agonies: For the *French* King being now to begin a troublesome War with his Neighbours, was resolv'd to drain, as much as possible, the Coffers of his rich Subjects, even to the Mite of the poorest Widdow.

Of those that thus suffered under these intolerable Taxes, the *Hugonots* to be sure were the chief, and since *Arcanius* was one of the most wealthy, the *Gallick* Tyrant had the strictest Eye over him, and glad that such an opportunity serv'd so timely to satisfie his Revenge and Avarice, one Day sommon'd him to his Court at *Paris*, and, in a private Discourse, told him, *That it was expected by the*

greatest in his Kingdom, that he would no longer persist in a Religion, which was, he said, so absolutely condemn'd and confuted; that if his continued obstinacy awaken'd the anger of his Sovereign, he must thank himself if he afterwards found the severest effects of it.

Arcanius, upon his Knees, begg'd, That he might be Witness of a fair Dispute, betwixt a Protestant Minister, whom himself would procure, and a Roman Priest; promising upon the Allegiance he ow'd him as his King, So to ballance his Opinion with him, whose Arguments should carry the most weighty Reasons, as should absolutely satisfy the Converts of either Persuasion. But his Conversion not being the Mark that Lewis aim'd at, he could receive no other answer at a request so reasonable, than That it had already been so often put to the Tryal, that the World was now fully persuaded, that the Hugonots were an Heretical People, and that they ought

to be proceeded against as so; adding, That he immediately expected his compliance, without which, he told him, he would no longer acknowledge him under his Protection, and consequently one who had forfeited his Faith and Trust to his Lord and Master; And so, after a little more Discourse, the crafty King dismissed our Count, whose judgment was too mature not to discern the Treachery, and himself too discreet not to avoid the Rock he saw he was ready to split upon.

Wherefore he presently and secretly takes Post for Orleance, where he communicates to *Leandro* the purport of *Lewis's* sending for him, telling him that the danger required haste, that he was resolved to flye into *England*, and that he would, the next day, send his Servants to the Key, with the chiefest of what Wealth he could pack up in such a hurry.

After some Sighs and cruel Reflexions betwixt the Count and his

Son, they told their purpose to the Servants, who with an incredible expedition pack'd up his Money, and other necessaries of greatest value; and then *Arcanius* chusing out four of his Domesticks, whose fidelity he had had formerly sufficient proofs of, they set out, late in the evening, with four Horses, laden with the riches of *Arcanius*, the Servants in the Habit of Carriers driving them, who having orders and directions from their Master (who thought it not safe to travel with them) where to go, and how to find them out, they parted severall ways; the disguised Drovers towards the Sea side, there to embark for *Dover*; and *Arcanius* and the young Count the most secret ways to *Callice*, hoping by so crossing the Country to escape the pursuit they knew would be made for them.

*Arcanius* had before exacted an Oath from the Servants he had left behind, not to divulge their absence; but

but had ordered them to tell all Vi-  
sitants, He was retired to *Paris*, to  
settle some private Matters which  
nearly concern'd them; and which  
the poor Servants with a thousand  
tears promised, praying for a pro-  
sperous journey to attend that good  
Man, shewing such dejectedness at  
this necessary separation, that it  
seem'd to portend some mischief  
which was speedily to follow.

*Lewis* soon misses *Arcanius*, cursing  
the hour he let him go from his  
Presence, and that he did not secure  
him under confinement, though he  
was resolved to be revenged of him,  
by seizing and confiscating all his  
Goods.

But when the Tyrant understood  
of his flight, with all the rage and  
fury his Passion was capable of thun-  
dring, he commanded a Troop of his  
*Corps-du-Guard* immediately to hast  
to *Orleance*, and to bring him either  
alive or dead; but *Arcanius* having  
taken

taken Post, had arriv'd at *Orleance* long before the Guard, whose Horses were incapacitated and unused to Travel with such swiftness; so that our Count and the young *Leandro* had travelled three or four days, before the certainty of his departure was known; who after much inconvenient journeying, not daring to take a Guide, they unfortunately lost their way at last in a vast Forrest, where the only Companions they had were Trees, Birds, and ravening Wolves, from whom they kept themselves safe, by flashing a little Powder in the Pan of their Pistols, it being the nature of those Beasts to dread the Flame, with so much fear, that that they always flye from it as from an eminent danger.

Here *Arcanius* looking one time disconsolately upon that dear Son, and with a Face bathed in tears, *My Leandro*, said he, with a mournful accent, *we must no longer think of that*  
*happiness*

happiness we enjoyed at Orleance, nor reflect upon the Splendor in which we once lived. Heaven it self has decreed our misery, and 'tis vast impiety to repine at it. I am no longer that Arcanius, whose Greatness commanded all the respect and awe, that Grandeur was capable of receiving; but that Arcanius who is become one of the most miserable of Mortals. However, my dear Leandro, continued he, though I am fallen from my once most happy state, yet am I Master of the same Soul, which shall, as far as Humane frailty may be excused, carry me in a temper so even, as shall testifie to the World the bravery of my Principles; and did not my Prophetick Soul whisper to me of some approaching mischief, in which you are still equally to be involv'd, I have the vanity to perswade my self that my constancy could conquer the misery I so distinctly foresee. He had scarce uttered these and such like Speeches, the gallant Leandro attentively listening, when

when seven or eight Horsemen rushed from among the Bushes, and with their Pistols presented to their Faces, *Bid them stand and deliver the riches they were Masters of.*

*Arcanius* was too ancient to pretend to a resistance, and too courageous to yield himself so tamely; but the brave *Leandro*, whose fiery Spirit could not hear such insolence without a Noble Anger, which shewed it self in his countenance, replied with firing his Pistol at the Breast of the foremost, which hit him so directly that the fellow with out-spread Arms fell from his Horse, breathing out his Soul through that fatal Wound, and being at first bravely seconded by his own and his Father's Servant, they made a most gallant resistance, all four bearing the shock of the Thieves with admirable courage, but at last the faithful Servant of *Arcanius* being unfortunately shot in the Head, he fell at the Feet of his Master,



Master, expiring his Life upon the  
Grass, which he dyed with his own  
Blood.

The fall of this Man so discouraged  
*Leandro's* Man, that turning his  
Horses head, he fled up the Forrest  
with a swiftness comparable to no-  
thing but Lightning, having behind  
him in his Port-mantle the rich  
cloaths of his Master *Leandro*, leaving  
the unfortunate Count and his Great  
Son to the inhumanity of the Thieves,  
who after a short Dispute, overpo-  
wering them, constrain'd 'em to yield;  
and the Rogues immediately stripp'd  
them to their very shirts, leaving  
them only a ragged Coat, which they  
flung them at parting, and then spur-  
ring cross the Forrest, with all the ce-  
lerity their Horses were capable of,  
soon dis-appeared, leaving the mi-  
serable *Arcantus*, and his dear Son,  
in a condition not to be expressed.

At first they could only behold one  
another, with Countenances that  
would

would have even cut the very Hearts of the most Barbarous; and when they would have vented the torment of their Souls, a flood of tears interrupted their Speech, so that they could only look upon each other with dismayed Glances, till on a sudden *Leandro* perceiv'd a paleness to spread it self over the Face of his miserable Father, and was just running to his assistance, when the good *Arcanius*, fainting, fell backwards upon the ground in a stream of Blood, which issued from a Wound in his Head, and which before lay concealed under his Perruke.

Whether this was not a killing Spectacle to the poor *Leandro*, I leave those to judge who have been ingulf'd in a Misery equal to this: But when our young Count saw a probability of an Eternal Separation, between his dear Father and himself, he presently rent the Woods with his crys and shrieks; he took up the  
dying

dying *Arctanius* in his Arms, and in perceiving the depth of that unhappy Wound, saw also an intire impossibility of stanching the Blood, neither himself nor his Father having the least rag of linnen about them to wrap about the Wound; so that in that confusion, not knowing where to flee for succour, he could only hold up the Head of his dying Father, who rearing himself as much as the small remainder of his strength would permit him, *Alas my Leandro*, said he,—— here his faintness seizing him with a cruel gripe, he sunk down into the Arms of his grieved Son; who perceiving some Life remaining in him, laid him gently upon the ground, stripping himself of that single Coat, which the Thieves had left him, covering with it the Body of his Father, and, with a distracted haste, ran up and down the Forrest, making the Woods and hollow Places eccho out the dolour of his complaints.

It was his hap at last to meet with a Traveller, who, in that spacious unfrequented and uninhabited Place, had lost his way, and who, at the repeated crys of our distressed Count, fled back, being terrified at the sight of a Man naked, and who carried the appearance of one who had wholly lost the Faculties of his Reason.

But *Leandro* soon overtakes him, and catching hold of his Coat immediately fell upon his Knees, *If you are of Humane Race*, said he, *for the sake of him that suffered that bitter Death for us, assist me in a work of Charity, which calls for the greatest of your Compassion and Performance.* The poor Fellow, at this humble posture and supplication of *Leandro*, began to shake off his former fear, and ask'd the trembling Count what he required of him, to whom the Son of *Arcanijus* told the deplorable state of his dear Father; adding, that without some speedy relief, he should

for

for ever lose the dear Author of his Being.

The Traveller remembering that he had about him a Box of Salves, and a little Viol of approved Virtue, which he always carried for his own use, desired the Count to direct him to his wounded Father, since he doubted not, he said, but that his Remedies would produce their usual Effect. How did the transported *Leandro* embrace that happy Man, whom he esteemed no other than an Angel! He hastes back to the place where he had left his poor Father, tracing back those steps with as much joy as he was capable of. He approached, softly, the Body of *Arcanus*, and raising him gently from the Ground, took a full view of his Face, but a Face whose paleness too evidently declared the unfortunate *Arcanus* to be stone dead, and as cold as that Clay of which he was first created. *My dearest Father,*

C. 2.

said

said he,—— here the multitude of sighs stopping the continuance of his Speech, and his Legs not being able to support a Body loaded with so many Grievs, he let fall the breathless Carcase of the good Count, himself sliding upon the cold Body, and only saying, *O God, this is above what Leandro can bear*, he fell into a Trance so dangerous, as had almost rendred the care of the troubled Traveller ineffectual: At last the Son of *Arcanius* coming to himself, with all the signs of a transported Grief, once more viewing the Corps of his dead Father, was in all probability likely to fall into a relapse of Despair, as might possibly have produced the most desperate actions; but the grave Traveller, taking him by the Hand, began a very devout Discourse of *Morality*, which though as such an overture was something unpleasant to him, yet observing that the good Man repeated nothing of the ridiculous

lous superstition of the *Roman* Faith, presently ask'd of what Persuasion he was, and hearing him frankly confess he was of the Reformed Religion, he fell upon the Neck of the Man, telling him, he was an Assertor of the same Religion; and then seriously composing himself, added, that he was resolv'd to take and follow his Counsel, and that he would no longer shew any undue sorrow, which should either unman him, or render him rebellious to the Sacred Decrees of Heaven: Whereupon they consulted how to bury the Body of *Arcanius*, which being agreed upon, they interr'd it in that place, though not without that inconceivable grief and terrour, which *Leandro* could not conceal, and which he knew was really due to the Memory of so dear a Father.

After they had performed the Funeral Obsequies, as well as the time and place would suffer them, *Leandro*

feared not freely to tell the Stranger of his Life and Fortunes, which when he had finished, the Man replied, that himself also had fled from the Persecution, as thousands of others had, and intended for *England*, and withal (having first prepared the young Count to hear very bad tidings) added, *That the French Tyrant had seiz'd upon Arcanius's Palace, and the Lands that belonged to it; and moreover that the Horses, which were loaded with his Treasure, had, either through the unwaryness or treachery of his Servants, been all taken, that they had extorted this confession from one of his household by tortures, and that large proffers were made for any that could bring Arcanius or his Son alive or dead; adding, that he foresaw little probability for his escape, by reason that the Ports, by Lewis's order, were strictly guarded.*

*Leandro* could not reflect upon such a heap of misfortunes, without the cruellest



cruellest grief in the World; however being of too brisk a Spirit to stoop to a sorrow, unbecoming the greatness of his courage, he at last endeavoured to evince the memory of his Miseries, by an assurance that Heaven would not utterly refuse him their protection from all those difficulties he must overcome, since 'twas for the sake of a Religion, he was absolutely satisfied was the truest in the World, that he was thus brought to this abyss of misery. He left at length that desolate place, which was actually the Author of his greatest misfortunes, with a very gloomy and dejected countenance, giving a silent adieu to the Body of his dear Father, and, in company with the good *French-Man*, travers'd that Forrest, with prodigious pains and difficulty, and not without danger of being devour'd by Wolves, with which that place did exceedingly abound.

They

They travell'd still through all the unfrequented ways that presented themselves to our two Wanderers, being glad to feed upon wild Berries, and such raw Fruit as grew upon Hedges, by the way; both being so poor and homely in Apparel, that they were become the very Objects of Beggery it self, till at last through different and various Fortunes they arriv'd safely at *Callis*, where our good Traveller, not being able to survive the fatigue he had suffered in his Travels, dyed, leaving *Leandro* very much troubled at the loss of so honest a Companion.

Now did the poor Son of *Arcanias* see himself reduced to the utmost extremity, even to a likelihood of perishing for want of sustenance, since his great Soul could not so soon buckle to his misfortunes, as to ask Bread of any; nay, suppose he wanted not what was convenient to support his Life, yet he could not think

think himself free from the persecution of Fortune; for all the Ports and Havens about *Callis* were so strictly guarded and watch'd, that without that help which he could not foresee or flatter himself of, he saw not the least probability of getting off to Sea.

Whilst he was thus oppressed with care and grief, and want of Money and Food necessitating him to ask it privately of some he met; it was his fortune to be walking with sorrowful steps at the outside of the City, where, in a pretty retir'd Grove, he beheld an *English* Merchant, whom he had seen often walking in the Streets of *Callis*, and knowing he had the Character of a very worthy Gentleman, our young Count recollecting his Spirits, and seeing few or none by to take notice of the action, accosted the Merchant with a mein so graceful, that it might appear, even through those sordid habi-

habiliments, that the Party which wore them was absolutely unworthy of such poor Apparel. If necessity, said he to him, could ever urge your Charity, I may reasonably expect the effects of it, since my Misery has reduc'd me to such low extreams, that I can hardly promise to my self wherewithal to keep Life in this unfortunate Body the space of one Day longer. The Merchant hearing poor Leundo began Alms, in a stile which he could not judge such an appearance could be Master of; suppos'd it was a borrow'd sentence, which Beggars very frequently make use of, to charm the Ears of the Benefactor into a belief of the once greatness of their Education; and therefore our English-Man, to try him farther, answered, in a surly tone, *The World*, said he, *is so much pester'd with such lusty and dangerous Beggars, that I question whether I owe not my safety, at this juncture, to some People in*  
view

view of us, since you dare disturb me in a retirement I chose to be private in. Sir, replied Leandro, if you answer the Character your Country-men bear in France, you would not insult over the Unfortunate, especially those who owe their Misery to the severity of Fortune only. He was then turning to go away, when the English-Man, scanning the ingenuity of his deportment, stay'd him, and beholding him with a countenance more serene and pleasing, told Leandro, He was so well pleas'd with his appearance and behaviour, that he had very advantageous sentiments of him; and, to let him see it, presented him with an English Crown, which the young Leandro accepted with such a generous humility, as neither detracted from his illustrious Soul, nor carried the least shew of an abject submission; but return'd his thanks with such a sober carriage, as oblig'd the Merchant to consider him as a Person unus'd to this

this mean way of Living; to be better satisfyed of which, he propounded several ingenious Questions to him in Latin, which the brave Count answer'd, to the astonishment of the Merchant, in expressions much above the greenness of his years. They discours'd a long while, till the Son of *Arcanius* perceiving him to be a Protestant, Sir, said he, *your bounty has so much encourag'd me, that I fear not to tell you the passages of my Life, without extorting a Promise of secrecy, though my Life depends upon it.* The courteous *English-Man* desiring impatiently to hear the recital, gave him his Word, that he would be so far from betraying him, that he would do the utmost of his endeavour to assist him, according to the necessity it required: Whereupon *Leandro* told him the story of his escape from *Orleance* to that very time, which so much affected the kind Merchant, who had heard of the

the injustice of *Lewis* to *Arcanius*, that privately taking *Leandro* to his lodgings, they consult the best expedient for an escape from *Callis*.

There were several of the Merchant's Friends who were engaged in the Design, but there was always some difficulty found in every Proposition; so that at last it was concluded by all, that seeing the Merchant was a Batchelour, *Leandro* should pass for his wife, since his Age was every way fit for the Design; and so after a little canvassing the Matter, every thing is resolv'd on, and three or four Gentlemen are ordered first to spread the report about *Callis*, that the Inhabitants being at last persuaded of the certainty of it, they might prosecute the Cheat with the less suspicion. Accordingly, the report gathers more and more, according to the different Humours it met with, and every one wishes the prosperity of

the Merchant, who was exceedingly belov'd by the Natives. The Day for the Marriage comes, *Leandro* in Women's Cloaths is carried to the Church in a Coach, where the Friends of the Merchant wait for her, who hindring the Croud from perssing too near, receive her and conduct her to the Altar, where a corrupted Priest performs the seeming Rites, after which they return to the lodging of the Merchant, attended by a World of People, who give the Bride and Bridegroom joy. Two or three Days after he commands his Ship to be in a readiness. The Seamen long to see the Lady. The Guards form themselves into two ranks, to let the new married Couple pass through to the Ship. The Merchant, that their curiosity might not be too dangerous to *Leandro*, scatters small Pieces of Money upon the Ground, throwing some before him all the way, which the Souldiers



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Souldiers greedily and continually stooping to take up, they passed through them with admirable facility, and now being safely arriv'd at the Ship, they hoise Sail, taking leave of the Company with loud Volleys from their Ordnance, which were answered by the Garrison and the Guards with Shoots and Holloes. In short, the Wind continuing fair, they land safely at *Dover*, where the Merchant privately procured an ordinary Seaman's habit for *Leandro*, and then dismiss'd him, with reciprocal Embraces, and endearing Expressions on both sides, the Merchant reporting to the Seamen, that he had sent his Bride to *London* by the Stage-Coach.

*Leandro* now sees himself safe from the Persecution of *Lewis*, but not free from the Malice of Fortune. He found himself in a strange Country, known to none, and but little Money in his Pocket. True, he had Cloaths, but so poor and unbecom-

ing so brave a Person, that he seldom look'd upon 'em, but his tears and sighs evidently declared how cruelly he bore such a vast change in his State. He had about five or six Guineas about him, which he ow'd to the bounty of the Merchant ; but still he miss'd that respect and reverence he had been us'd to in *Orleanse* ; all which reflections were as at so many Darts to his grieved Spirits.

It fell out one Day, that walking through the Streets of *Dover*, he was disturb'd by a noise of People, whose uproar approaching nearer and nearer, his curiosity invited him to ask the meaning of it to one of the Croud ; who replyed confusedly, as always in such cases, that a Man was taken selling of something, that was suppos'd he could give no account of, and that the Constable was haling him before a Justice. *Leandro* being none of those whose impertinence renders

renders them insufferably ridiculous to judicious Men, was turning to go away, when one of the Croud call'd him by his Name several times, whereupon looking behind him, he saw the Prisoner, and presently knew him to be his Servant who had fled from the Thieves, and who had, as I said before, *Leandro's* Portmantle with all his Cloaths; the Company is amazed to see the Man fall upon his Knees to the Count, and calling him Master: Whereupon, *Leandro* entreating the Officer to retire to the next Tavern, the Servant told him, *That he had, after several dangers, got off to Sea; that necessity, and the supposition of Leandro's being kill'd, oblig'd him to sell his Master's Cloaths, the richness of which had so astonished the Salesman, that he presently suspected he had stoln them, and was accordingly resolv'd to have a farther and more probable account how he came by them.* Our *Leandro* is not a little glad at

so happy an encounter with his lost Cloaths, and therefore circumstantially proving that they were his, he had 'em delivered to him, and giving some small Money to the Officers, he dismissed his Servant to go seek his Fortune; and seeing himself in his usual splendid Equipage, he takes the Stage-Coach for London, where in St. James's he takes up private Lodgings, and where he silently exclaims against the mutability of Fortune.

*Leandra* was a Person of such exquisite comeliness, that it was almost impossible for a Lady to look upon him without loving him, he was something above the ordinary height of Men, his Limbs and make of his Body being exactly proportionable; his Hair, alter the *French* fashion, being exceeding long, and curiously curl'd towards the end, was a vast addition to his other Graces; his Eyes were grey, and so piercing, that they seem'd to command at one time  
both

both love and awe from the Be-  
holder; nor did he appear in any  
Company, where the Eyes of all  
were not continually fix'd upon him,  
as upon an Object that did really  
challenge admiration. He was natu-  
rally of a pleasing conversation, and  
so ingeniously winning, that his So-  
ciety was desired by all the young  
Gallants in the *English* Court. He  
was Majestick, but not Haughty; of  
a Noble and Generous Spirit, with-  
out the least shew of Pride or Disdain;  
of a brisk and gay Countenance, and  
without that affectation which ren-  
ders our Town Fopps so intollerably  
ridiculous to the true Gentry. In  
short, he was compos'd of nothing  
but Majesty and Sweetness, and which  
was so natural to him, that it attri-  
butes vast Presumption to my Pen,  
in pretending an exact Description,  
of what is so much above Compre-  
hension.

Leandro

*Leandro* was sensible enough of what Graces he was Master of, and which he knew must be his last refuge, since his stock began so fast to diminish, that he look'd upon the decrease of it as the fall of his Honour, and consequently fatal to a Soul so generous, as is the stroke of Death. He was now reduc'd to the last Guinea, which he often melancholily view'd, till a stream of tears hindred his sight of it; he was at last brought to a Crown only; and now without that help which his judgment could see no probability of, he saw he must fall from the highest precipice of Honour and Gallantry, to the lowest abyss of Beggery and Misery, a thought so cruel and severe, that even cut him to the very Soul, at a foresight of such base unworthiness, which he must suffer. Then did he look back and reflect upon the Grandeur he once liv'd in, when the Greatness of his Birth  
rendred

rendred his Company acceptable to the highest in the Kingdom, and desired by all. He remembered he was then the Son of *Arcanius*, and the admired *Leandro*: But now, poor Gentleman! he saw himself the Son of Misfortune, and the poor *Leandro*; *Leandro* that once charm'd the Eyes of all that saw him, and who was now to be the derision of the very Abjects.

These misfortunes were so hard for the brave Son of *Arcanius* to undergo, that he could not meditate upon them, without that insupportable Grief, that often drove him to the most desperate Resolutions, that despair and anguish could suggest to him. At last he was reduc'd to the utmost Drachma, and now he beheld nothing but Sorrow and Poverty just seizing on him, and which was represented to his distracted Mind in such dark and dismal colours, that bursting into a Flood of tears,

tears; *Heavens*, said he, with a languishing tone, *what has Leandro done above other Mortals, that he is thus persecuted more than they? Since you design such misery for the unfortunate Son of Arcanius, you ought in reason either to lighten his afflictions, or give him ability equal to them, that he may the better undergo them: But 'tis too late*, added he, and starting up seriously, *my misery is already decreed, which I'll never meet but upon the point of my Sword: Whereupon running to his Rapier, which hung in the Chamber by him, he took it in his Hand, and looking with a dying smile upon it, This, said he, shall put a period to the misfortunes of Leandro.* He was just then going to put the hilt of that fatal Weapon upon the ground, when his Land-lady *Marcia*, who coming by chance up stairs, heard him, rushing into the Room, with a loud shriek threw her self upon him, thereby hindring him from performing his

his



his resolutions. *Marcia*, said he; fiercely, *in owing my Life to your care, I owe likewise all those innumerable Miseries which will attend it, if I survive this very minute; and unless you design to be the Author of them, offer no more to deter me from acting what is so necessary to be done.*

The good Woman could not hear these Speeches of *Leandro* without a cruel sigh, which had its birth from the secret love she had for his Person, more than any real pity she had for a condition, which, probably, she would have taken small notice of in another; wherefore with tears she beg'd him, *not to conceal the reasons of such a cruel Despair; promising if she could be instrumental in reversing his misfortunes, she would not fear to sacrifice what was most dear to her for his Interest.* At last the poor Count being mollified by her tender Speeches, he desires her to sit down, where he tells her the story of his Life and Miseries,

in such mournful accents, that the reflexions of them doubled the Love she had before for him ; so that extorting an Oath from him, never to make any more attempts upon his Life, she frankly flung a small Purse of Gold into his Lap.

*Leandro*, at first, was too modest to receive a Gift from one who was so much his Inferiour, denying it with very pretty evasions, till *Marcia* pressing earnestly upon him, he at last accepted it, and immediately return'd his thanks in a multitude of Embraces, which so fired the Love that was before but kindled in her Breast, that, after three or four glasses of Wine drinking, making him Swear Secrecy, she fear'd not to open her whole Breast to him, confessing how passionately she had lov'd him, from the very first time she saw him ; adding, that her Husband began to be already jealous of him, having heard her so often speak so advantagiously of

of him, having often slyly represented to her how inconvenient it was to let Lodgings to single Persons.

*Leandro* could not hear this Discourse without a bashful confusion, having to do to struggle with a Modesty of which he was a great Master: But gratitude obliging him to reflect upon her bounty, he soon overcame all scruples of that Nature, and finding how pliant she was, and that he might hope to keep himself in his usual splendour by her means, he quickly yielded to her. We need not batter that Fort, whose breaches are wide enough already to enter, especially when the Garrison it self is willing to surrender. She stood not long to ballance her resolutions, but silently told him, she was intirely his own, which advantage our young Count taking hold of, he soon gave her all the satisfaction she was capable of receiving, and so they parted for that time.

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They had, after this, several private Love-engagements, which though they carried with all the pre-caution imaginable, yet her Husband, *Corvinus*, was not so hood-wink'd, but that he judg'd that the reason of his Wife's late brisk deportment, proceeded from some cause he thought himself very much concern'd in.

And now *Leandro* was Master enough of what he before fear'd he should ever want; he began to frequent *Tunbridge* and *Epsom Wells* very often, nor was there seldom a Ball, wherein he was not chief Dancer, in which he had such a peculiar method, that he soon acquir'd the reputation of the compleatest in that skill. One Night, coming home late, he was receiv'd by *Marcia* with very great joy, she telling him that her Husband was ingaged all that Night at a Club, from whence he never used to come till the Morning: Whereupon *Leandro* and his loving Landlady sup together,

gether, till the time invited them to Bed, which they questioned not but would be the sweetest they ever enjoyed.

Accordingly *Leandro* with his Night-gown and Sword enter'd her Chamber, about one a Clock, where he found his *Marcia* ready to receive him, embracing him with all the Marks of a most endearing Affection.

In the mean while *Corvinus*, who had deceived his Company, by pretending himself Fuddled, starting up from his counterfeit sleep, staggers to the door, and from thence flies to his home, and with a Key, which he had privately about him, he easily opens the door; he creeps up softly and catches his Spouse in the very Arms of *Leandro*.

'Tis impossible to conceive the confusion of the two Lovers, and the rage of *Corvinus*, who with a thousand Oaths, Curses, and Imprecations lays hold of our Count, who was

so surpris'd at the unexpected action, that he had scarce strength enough left him to resist the fury of the Man; but at last recollecting himself, he began to struggle with *Corvinus*, and getting him down, presented his Sword to his Throat, vowing to dispatch him presently, if he made the least outcry; *Corvinus* terrified at the sight of a naked Sword, promised to do any thing rather than die; whereupon *Leandro* extorts an Oath from him, never to mention this act to *Marcia* by way of reproach or anger; but to pass all by in silence, since, he said, his disgrace was known to none but them three; and that for his part he would free him from what apprehensions he might have of him for the future, by forthwith quitting his Lodgings.

The trembling *Corvinus* well weighing the Words of *Leandro*, and seeing Death ready to attend his refusal, swore to any thing that was imposed

imposed upon him; but with this Proviso that the Count should presently dress himself and depart, which was done, and all being seeming Friends, *Leandro* takes his leave of his *Amourette*, and being Master of about fifteen Guineas, he takes his Lodgings at another part of the Town, at a rich Gentleman's House, who was the Father of the most celebrated *Fair* accounted in all *London*, whose beauty seem'd to be given her for a Pattern to all Ladies, who would affect to appear truly lovely.

To endeavour to characterize the charming *Felicia*, would be a talk almost as difficult as to perform impossibilities themselves. Let it suffice then, in short, she was composed of nothing but Sweetness, Beauty, and every thing that's required to compleat an Angel. So free and delightful in her deportment to others, that it seem'd which should contend

for Victory, her Beauty, or her Conversation. Thousands languish'd for her continually, yet none dare let her know it, for fear the least frown from her lovely Brow should render them liable to Despair it self.

Any other Person, but the lovely *Fælicia*, would have been the very envy of all those of her own Sex; but she carried her self with a modesty so pleasing and engaging, that instead of envy it gain'd admiration, and that admiration love from all that knew her. To be brief, she was *Fælicia* surrounded with charms, and charms so bewitching as every Day procured her new Votaries, and who gloried in being conquered by so sweet an Enemy.

Our *Leandro* had a Heart too flexible not to stoop immediately at an Object so Illustrious, and since 'twas impossible for any, whose Souls are capable of that soft and generous Flame, to resist a Beauty so invincible; the  
Son



Son of *Arcanius* had no reason to think himself capacitated, above the rest of Mankind, to withstand the Majesty of her piercing Eyes, and since he had the advantage of living in the House with her, he thought himself Bless'd above the rest of his Rivals: But, alas! he never considered that the oftner he beheld her, the more fervently his Soul engaged it self to love her, and the sense he had of his own condition must needs tell him, he loved her without hopes of that Enjoyment which crowns such constant Lovers; true, he was often Bless'd with the Happiness of her Society, and since he was an absolute Master of Rhetorick, and so facetious and witty, he usually entertain'd her with Stories so ingenious and delightful, (all treating of Love,) that we ought not to wonder if *Felicia* saw enough in him, to harbour thoughts very advantageous, of a Person whose comeliness and merits might

might justly claim the precedency of the rest of Mankind. She began at first only to affect his Company, for the pleasant Narrations which he always rehears'd to her; but so much had the sweetness of his Conversation won upon her, that at last she felt something else steal upon her, than barely the affecting the Stories which he told her, and that delight she used to take in his Company, was risen to that degree, that she began to Court his Society, with an ardency that proceeded from a Love she had at last for his very Person.

One time *Leandro* walking in a little Garden, which joyns to the back part of the House, with a melancholly that was too evident not to be discern'd by *Felicia*, was accosted by that fair Lady. *Leandro*, said she, smiling, you ought not to think it an injurious part to me to disturb your retiradness, for I come to accuse you of injustice, in depriving us  
of

of a Conversation so pleasing. Madam, replied the Count, with a brisk air, my retiredness at this time was my own choice, but meerly to do you service; for I have spent the time in recollecting to my memory a Story, which I have my self no little interest in, and which probably will divert you as much, though the subject is tragical enough to deny you the recital; however, if the lovely Felicia, continued he, pleases to command a narration, I shall soon dispose my self to obey her. If my commands, replied the fair Daughter of Foscarius, smiling, are to be Laws, I should be an absolute Tyrant in these cases; and perhaps exercise my Authority with the severest rigour, where they meet with a denial. Then composing her countenance with a most lovely smile, entreated Leandro not to refuse her the Story; whereupon, sitting both down in an Arbour, the Son of Arcanius gave her the relation of his own Life, but laid not the Scene in France, neither

neither did he yet tell her that it was himself who was such a Sufferer, but told it her as from the sufferings of a Friend, waiting till she had given her sentiments upon it. *Leandro* told the History of his Misfortune in an Air and Style so well and so exactly fitted to the several parts of it, that *Fælicia*, by her often lifting her Handkerchief to her Eyes, testified what share she took in the Misfortunes of the Son of *Arcanius*; but when he frankly confess'd himself to be the Person, *Fælicia* gave him a regard both of Pity and Respect; at last breaking silence, and looking with a most charming air upon him, *Since 'tis the Will of Heaven*, said she, *that Leandro has been so unfortunate, it ought to make us believe; that there is some extraordinary Happiness to succeed the Miseries he has undergone, and since he has so bravely demean'd himself in tryals so extraordinary, in my judgment, he may reasonably expect, that*  
*Provi-*

*Providence will reward him with a Felicity that may possibly evince the memory of what he has suffered. Ab Madam, replyed he, being made bold by expressions so tender, and resolving not to lose that opportunity, there is but one way which Providence can act according to your Prophecy; but there is so little likelihood of ever bringing it in pass, that Leandro must still think himself the most miserable of Men. I perceive, said Felicia, you are not ignorant of the means to attain this Happiness, and since you are known to be too judicious to think of impossibilities, I will not think you so miserable as you would appear.*

The fair Daughter of Foscarini spoke this purposely to ingage him to a confession, and because she had several times scann'd many of his actions, she believ'd herself had a great share in this meaning, and since she knew she had a very great esteem for him, she purposely gave him

him this Answer, waiting between Hope and Fear for the return she wish'd for, and what perhaps she had reason to expect.

*Leandro* was so revived at an opportunity so fit, that after having vanquish'd all scruples in his Mind, rising up with a profound respect, took her by the Hand, and being one of the most exquisite Courtiers of the Age, told her, with a most becoming meen, *'Twas the Possession of the charming Fœlicia, that must render him so Happy as her Predictions fore-told;* and then perceiving that a blush had spread it self over the lovely Face of that fair Maid, he continued the discourse of his amorous Flame, in expressions so brave and bewitching as absolutely overcame the Daughter of *Foscarlus*, and though she was several times going to shape a reply, which would have been doubtless very unpleasant to our young Count, yet did she at last so struggle against her

her Feminine Modesty, that by degrees she seem'd content to hear his Protestations of the sincerity of his Respect and Love. She made him several very ingenious Answers, and so exactly express'd, that though *Leandro* could gather from them that she had no absolute aversion for him, yet could he not see himself one step nearer in her Affections, she very prettily evading his Courtship, by telling him, she look'd upon what he said to be only the effects of Gallantry.

They had after this several interviews, till at last *Isabella* not able to keep her Lover so long in Torment, freely told him, She would no longer deny that she had a respect for him, above all the rest of her Pretenders; but added, that her Father's Resolution should be absolute Laws to her. Though *Leandro* saw nothing but reason in what she spoke, yet reflecting upon the meanness of his

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present

present condition, he foresaw little probability of getting the consent of *Foscarius*, and since he had not courage enough to dare to make any propositions to her of acting contrary to her last confession, he began now to look upon himself, as upon a Man whom Fortune had design'd to persecute with the greatest Misery: However, he was resolv'd to let *Foscarius* understand the Passion he had for *Fælicia*; and therefore one Day crossing the *Thames*, he open'd his whole Breast to him, telling him, *The greatness of his Birth and Parentage*; adding, *that he wanted not Friends in the Court of Paris, to sollicite the French King on his behalf.* *Foscarius* attentively heard what *Leandro* had to say, and when he had finish'd, he made this short reply, *That he saw merit enough in the Son of Arcanius, that might raise his Pretensions to higher than to his Daughter*; and therefore told him,

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That he should freely have his consent, if he could make the least appearance of keeping her like the Daughter of Foscarius; and that if he would produce but half the riches he intended to bestow upon his Daughter, he would willingly give her up into his Arms himself; but unless he could do this, he told him, he ought not to bear it ill, if he gave him an absolute denial: And that as for the expectation of Mercy from the King of France, he bore such a Character in England, as render'd him scarce liable to the least advantageous thought.

Leandro knew what Foscarius said consisted wholly with Humane Prudence, and Discretion; and therefore answered only with shaking his Head, and with a sigh, which testified the true sentiments of his Soul. He returns to Felicia, and with a distracted look, flinging himself at the Feet of that Lady, Madam, said he, all trembling, Providence has decreed my

ruine, and Foscarius has sign'd it. I must no longer love my Fælicia; nor any more think of my self, but as one of the most miserable Subjects upon the whole Earth. O God, added he, rising up, with his Hands and Eyes erected towards Heaven, for what farther Miseries have you design'd the unfortunate Son of Arcanius? Then approaching that dear Lady, who stood like one Thunder-struck, at News so unpleasing, Take this last Farewel, said he, of the most constant but most wretched of all Lovers; then kissing the beautiful Fælicia, he left the Room with a Mind so discomposed, that it was hard to distinguish him from those who have absolutely lost their Reason. As for Fælicia, she no sooner saw that dear Man gon, but, letting her self fall upon a Chair, she burst out into a flood of tears, mixt with such tender and pittiful complaints, that it was difficult to say which bore the greatest share

share in this cruel sorrow, her self,  
or her *Leandro*.

The Son of *Arcanius* perceiving  
how his hopes are utterly blasted, im-  
mediately came to *Foscarius*, and tells  
him he is come to quit him of what  
apprehensions soever he may have  
of his loving the fair *Fælicia*, and that  
he was resolv'd to return to *France*;  
and by altering his Religion obtain  
his Estate, since he saw how miserably  
he must live without it; and there-  
fore takes his leave of *Foscarius*, who  
not only refused to receive his due  
for the time he had lodg'd there, but  
very generously presented him with  
a Horse from his own Stable, which  
*Leandro* thankfully accepting, he de-  
parts that very day, leaving *London*  
with an aspect so disconsolate, that  
he scarce minded what way he went,  
his thoughts being wholly taken up  
with the reflexions upon his misfor-  
tunes. He had not yet conquered  
those scruples in his Conscience, so

far as to think of changing a Persuasion, so true and Orthodox, for one so erroneous and ill-grounded as that of the *Romans*; and therefore he was continually harass'd in his thoughts, which produced so great a change in him, that it would have been hard even for his intimates to know him if they had met him.

But Fortune who had so long taken pleasure to sport her self with this unfortunate Man, at last wheel'd about, and happily revers'd his State, when he least expected it; for whilst he was wavering in his resolution, whether he had best return to *France*, or wait his destiny in *England*, he was disturb'd from his serious contemplation by the reports of two or three Pistols, the smoak of which easily guided his Eye to the Place, and supposing that it was some Duel, he spurr'd down a narrow Laae, with such swiftness, that he soon came to the place, where he was Witness of a  
very

very base Fight, between one single Gentleman, and four Highway-men. The manner of the combate was very unequal, and the Gentleman's Man lay dead at the Feet of his Master, the Cavalier himself had lost his Horse by a shot, and that of his Man's being at liberty had sprung over the Hedge, and was galloping away; the Stranger fought with admirable courage, with his naked Sword, till being likely to be trampled upon by the Horses of the Robbers, he had posted himself in a dry Ditch, where he opposed his Cane and Scabbord against the blows of his adversaries, wounding their Horses as they came closer to him; but at last, not able any longer to resist the strong efforts of these Men, he was just ready to lose that Life he had hitherto so bravely defended, when the brave *Leandro* fir'd with a Noble Disdain at so treacherous a Combate, flew in upon the foremost, discharging his Pistol so suddenly

suddenly in his very Face, that the Thief had scarce Life enough left him to discern the Slayer; the valiant Count was just discharging his other Pistol, when suddenly one of them, with his Sword, struck it out of his Hand, and the other two immediately surrounded him. *Leandro* perceiving his danger, made up against him, who was before him, and with his Sword brandish'd above his Head struck him such a deep cut in the Forehead, that, descending with an unparallel'd strength, it par'd off one side of his Face, which, with a piece of his Shoulder, fell at his Horses Feet; the Thief being so amazed at the blow, that he left his Body unguarded, in which *Leandro* bath'd his Sword to the very hilts: But our Count had never surviv'd that Minute, if the Stranger had not perceiv'd one of the Thieves ready to discharge his sharp Scimiter, with a back blow, upon the Neck of *Leandro*, which he

he happily prevented, by springing suddenly from the Ditch, running his Sword into the back of that Murderer, who with a loud groan, falling precipitately from his Horse, the Cavalier carried away his Life upon the point of his Rapier.

The other perceiving the misfortune of his Companions, spurr'd with a prodigious leap over the Hedge, and fled up the Woods with a swiftness too great to be pursued. Our Conquerors perceiving the coast was clear, immediately accosted each other, and after the first Salutes, the Stranger told him civilly, *He could no longer think himself Master of his own Life, since he who so generously sav'd it, ought in reason to dispose of it.* Leandro replyed, *That he was too sensible, that he had eclipsed a part of that Glory, he had before won;* adding, *that it was very easie for a Man to put four Men to flight, when the Sword of another had before carv'd out the Victory.*

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The Gentleman was going to reply, when the visage of his countenance altered into an appearance of wonder, and starting back, *Sir*, said he, *I am very much deceiv'd, if the air of that Face be altogether unremembred by me.* *Leandro* had the same thoughts, and answered, *That himself was necessitated to make the same reflexions upon a Face that he had not been wholly a stranger to.* At last the Stranger stepping two or three paces back, *Certainly*, said he, *you are Leandro of Orleans.* *If I am Leandro*, replied the Count, *I must think you to be the Merchant of Callis, to whom the Son of Arcanius is indebted for so many Obligations.* He had scarce said this, when he found himself closely lock'd in the Embraces of the Merchant; who, in a thousand expressions of gratitude, testified what sense he had of this last action of *Leandro*, calling him his *Life*, his *Defender*, and a great many other tender expressions, did the grateful



grateful *English-Man* make use of, to let the Count understand how he resented the Glory he had won; and then again mutually embracing, both express'd a great wonder and astonishment at so happy a meeting. They presently retire to the next Town, where orders were taken for the dead Bodies, and where, at the request of the Merchant, *Leandro* gave him the continuance of his Life, though not without some sorrowful complaints, at the latter part of his story. All former obligations are laid aside, and though the Merchant had acted with the greatest generosity for the young Count at *Callis*, yet was this last Merit of *Leandro's* so fresh in his memory, that it left no place there for any other reflexion; he tells *Leandro*, *He is no longer unfortunate, Heaven, said he, sent you to preserve the Life of a Man, who stood in need of your assistance, and 'tis to be guilty* of

of the highest ingratitude, not to pay my thanks to Providence, and my acknowledgements to the Author. *Leandro* would have replied to Speeches so endearing, but the Merchant would not suffer him; but buying a Horse in the Town, without letting *Leandro* know his intentions, away they both posted to London. The Count was very much surprized, when he saw him light at the House of *Foscarius*; but more surprized when, after all salutations past, *Foscarius* and the Merchant discoursing privately, the good old Gentleman brought *Felicia* in his Hand, and giving her to the brave French Man, *Leandro*, said he, seriously, *I give you my Felicia, as freely as ever Heaven made her mine.* The over-joy'd Count was struck with such an admiration, at an action so unexpected, that his ecstasie rendred him incapable of returning his acknowledgments to any,

at last looking round him, as a Man absolutely transported, *Heavens !* said he, *can I be so presumptuous, as dare to think my self thus Bless'd ?* Leandro, said Foscarius, *To morrow shall render you absolute Master of Fœlicia; and 'tis to my generous Friend here, added he, you owe the Happiness you so much esteem. My gratitude, said the Merchant, must not stop here; then calling for Pen, Ink, and Paper, he frankly bestowed 200 l. per Annum, upon Leandro, promising to leave him Master of as much more, if he surviv'd him. Since 'tis impossible to repeat the raptures and joy of all Parties, and their expressions at this Union, I shall conclude with telling the Reader, that the next day put a period to the fear of our two overjoy'd Lovers, and they saw themselves at Night in each others Arms, attended with a triumph as splendid as the Match was extraordinary and illustrious.*

*F I N I S.*

Looking round him as a Man  
highly distinguished, I observed  
that the Life of Progression, as  
to think my self thus Elated  
and looking at the ground  
under my feet, I felt a sense of  
and was to my generous friend  
added he, for one the happy  
now so much of me. My dear  
and the Marchant, and we  
at; then calling to him, I  
said, he should be  
of my dear friend  
to have a sense of  
more, if he were to  
it is impossible to keep the  
and joy of all Parties, and  
cooperations in this Union, I shall  
be with telling the reader,  
the next day but a period to the  
at the University of London and  
now the day of Night in each  
transmitted with a triumph  
as the March was extra-  
ordinary and illustrious.



